

THE FIELD AFAR

Maryknoll

MARCH 1955



In this issue: LIONS ARE MY NEIGHBORS



GOOD ENOUGH FOR GOD — In race-torn South Africa hundreds of the rejected Bantu Africans live inspiring lives as Catholic Sisters. Bishop Hugh Boyle of Port Elizabeth presides at a religious profession.

Here's

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90 MINUTES 20 CONVERTS

BY WILLIAM A. KASCHMITTER, M.M.

Here's a convert plan in which all Catholics can participate.

It is not really a lack of zeal but rather a lack of know-how that keeps our ordinary Catholics from winning more converts. Father James F. Hyatt, a Maryknoll missionary from Seattle, has demonstrated in Japan what untrained workers can do when they are given a definite assignment on a systematic basis and within the limits of their abilities.

Father Hyatt's movement is called the Good Shepherd Movement. His latest experiment demonstrates once again the vast potentialities that lie within the ordinary Catholic parishioner. What Father Hyatt did in Kyoto, could be repeated in parishes throughout the world.

Father arranged for a showing of the film, "Bells of Nagasaki." In order to insure a good attendance, he called together his Good Shepherd workers. He showed them a map of the parish, on which each small block was marked. Teams of two workers were assigned a section

and instructed to visit every house in that area, inviting the householders to see the movie, giving them tickets for the show, and a leaflet concerning the Catholic Church. Since there were twenty-six members present at the meeting, they were divided into thirteen teams and assigned to thirteen sections. All were expected to report back at the church within an hour and a half.

Just before the workers left on their mission, Father Hyatt read to them the Gospel story concerning the mission of the seventy-two disciples, in which Christ said: "Behold, I send you as lambs among wolves." The reading was followed by a brief exhortation in which the lay apostles were encouraged to show their zeal, their courage and their patience.

While the Good Shepherd workers were absent, the children of the parish prayed before the Blessed Sacrament for the success of the venture. Through this technique,

conversion becomes a parish task.

At the appointed time, all the workers returned. With very few exceptions, the families they visited received them cordially. Those who were most cordial were reported to the head catechist for future contact work. Some five hundred people turned up that night to attend the showing of the "Bells of Nagasaki."

Since the leaflets handed out during the visitation also indicated the time the next doctrinal class would begin, Father Hyatt awaited the final outcome with eagerness. The new class was also announced at five successive Sunday Masses, as is the custom of the Good Shepherd Movement. The new class began with fifty-five members, whereas four previous classes had averaged thirty-five.

It would seem, therefore, that the hour and a half spent visiting homes, resulted in twenty additional members for the catechism class. Father Hyatt expects to repeat the experiment every five or six weeks.

Another forward step has been reported by Father Hyatt in connection with the Good Shepherd leaflets, featured by the movement from the very beginning. The leaflets now have four pages. The first provides an attractive picture of the Good Shepherd. Page two has a

number of blank spaces, in which the Good Shepherd member writes the names of friends and prospective converts for whom he is to pray and offer various sacrifices.

OUR ADDRESS?

It's Easy!

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.**

which the member checks performance of the prayers and sacrifices every evening for six months. At the end of that period, Father Hyatt plans a service in the church at which the leaflets will be burned and new leaflets issued.

Father Hyatt feels that an essential of convert work must be to make it "easy" for the non-Catholic to visit the mission and join in a catechism class. To arrest the attention of passers-by, he shows many pictures on a bulletin board facing the street. He also keeps a tape recorder busy, broadcasting an hour's program of music, interspersed with a series of two-minute talks. These talks include an invitation to attend doctrine classes.

At night, the pictures are removed from the bulletin board, and a screen is inserted for the showing of slide pictures from a projector inside the rectory. That the combination of bulletin board and projector is effective is proved by the fact that many catechumens have

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in which
ber written that this combination moved
respectively to apply for instruction.
to pray Father Hyatt recently bought a
parrot. When the tape recorder is
e three otherwise in use, he sets it in
member motion near the cage, for several
es down hours at a time. The tape repeats
sacrifices over and over, "Konnichi wa!" This
tends to the Japanese expression for "Good
regular afternoon!" Father hopes that the
n the last parrot will learn these words, and
are hun-then it, too, will have a regular
of small assignment at the front gate.

ks, in We hope that this pioneer mis-
perform-sonary parrot is conscious of the
sacrifices grave responsibility that rests upon
uths. Again. Upon his success or failure
er Hyatt depends the fate of all future mis-
church at onary seminaries for parrots!

burned The parrot plan is a good illus-
stration of Father Hyatt's philoso-
y. All his propaganda endeavors
are directed at making the church
grounds an interesting place for
people, a place they like to visit.
He wants to make the church a
place where the prospective convert
can feel at home.

a tape Father Hyatt attributes whatever
ng an successes he has had to the grace of
inter-God and the apostolicity of the
minute workers of his Good Shepherd
n invi Movement. Fellow missionaries feel
sses. that it is Father Hyatt's own un-
re re-failing ideas and drive that are
d, and responsible.

owing The Good Shepherd Movement
jector in Kyoto has proven that converts
com-are there and waiting, if friends will
d pro-bring them in. All that is needed
y the are prayer and a priestly catalyst
have who will set the operation in motion.
The Good Shepherd Movement is
the type of plan that can be tried
anywhere. ■ ■

ABOUT THE GOOD SHEPHERD MOVEMENT

■ "Every Catholic has a duty to take part in the work of the Good Shepherd, and to bring in those 'other sheep' who are not yet of 'this fold,'" says Father James F. Hyatt.

On the basis of this principle, Father Hyatt organized in 1952 the members of his parish into what he called the Good Shepherd Movement. Since that time, the movement has spread throughout the diocese of Kyoto and to some forty parishes in other parts of Japan. In its first year of operation, the Good Shepherd Movement brought eight hundred people to Father Hyatt's classes.

The Good Shepherd Movement personnel believes that the basic means for spreading the Faith are prayer, penance, and personal contact of Catholics with their non-Catholic friends. Personal interest on the part of Catholics gives strength and perseverance to the sincere inquirer. The prospective convert does not feel alone or a stranger.

Recently, Father Hyatt invited American Catholics to become personal prayer partners for individual Japanese who are studying to become Christians. Many Americans welcomed the opportunity to have a share in a conversion.

Bamboo Wireless

Softhearted Father EDWARD WALSH, of Portland, Maine, saw a puppy throw a puppy into a rice field in Japan, to suffocate it in the mud. Father rescued the puppy only to learn that it was blind. Now the puppy has a "Seeing-eye Missioner" . . . Better than one of every five persons of Central Africa is a Catholic states Father JOHN J. CONSIDINE in his recent book, Africa - World of New Men. The N.Y. Times and Our Sunday Visitor are among the many who gave praiseworthy reviews to the volume.

* * *

Father JOHN LAWLER's parish in Lima is setting something of a record in the way of self support. A primary school was built in 1951; a large auditorium in 1952; a rectory in 1953; a convent for 18 Sisters in 1954; the parish church will be finished this year. Almost all funds raised locally.

* * *

During Peru's recent Eucharistic Congress in Lima, 110,000 children received Holy Communion during a morning Mass. At another ceremony, 150,000 men went to Communion. A sign of the growing strength of Peru's Faith . . . Bishop RAYMOND A. LANE said in Manila that the Philippines would play a vital role in the future of the Orient. He called the Islands "a land of opportunity for the Church."

* * *

Your local television station can get Maryknoll films for free showing. If you haven't seen any write to the Film Director of your station . . . The workers of the Good Shepherd Movement in Kyoto visited 450 homes inviting the people to hear a lecture on Catholic doctrine. Over 500 showed up, and 50 decided to study for baptism.

* * *

Lend Me Your Hands is the title of Father BERNARD F. MEYER's new book on the lay apostolate. Published by Fides, it will appear in March. The book treats of the important role the laity must play in convert work. It's a "must" for all interested in Catholic Action . . . Father MARK KENT and Sister MARY JUST have collaborated on a volume of biographies of missionary saints. Called The Glory of Christ, it is now on the Bruce presses, and will be available to the public in a few weeks.

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■ A BIG celebration was held in Chiu Hai, Korea, when thousands of Catholics gathered to honor the feast day of Blessed Andrew Kim, who smuggled himself out of Korea to make his seminary training in Macao. Father Kim returned to Korea in disguise, was caught and beheaded at the age of twenty-six. Canopy bearers for the procession (above) were Catholic instructors at the Korean Air Force Academy. Some two hundred and fifty Catholic air cadets also took part in this demonstration of Korean faith.

Photo Round-up



▲ Just ordained in Hong Kong were Fathers Cham, Liang, and Taam — natives of three different Maryknoll missions now in the hands of Chinese Communists.



◀ Father Edward McGurkin, on his way to Africa and new duty, stopped in Rome to pay his respects to Cardinal Fumasoni Biondi, Prefect of Propaganda. Father McGurkin was formerly the secretary for His Eminence.

Maryknoll's latest contingent to Africa paused in Rome to get inspiration for their new work. Three of this group are pioneering a field for Maryknoll in Maswa-Shinyanga, adjacent to our Musoma mission. The new area includes 300,000 members of the Basakuma tribe and some five hundred Pygmies.

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BACK-COUNTRY NURSE

She feels like the little boy
whose finger plugged the dike.

BY MARY P. VAN EIJK

■ NOT EVERY man you meet on a lonely trail in Guatemala is a bandit, though I must say that the first time I met this man, my skin got goose pimples. I can't remember whether I said an act of contrition; I was just plain scared.

Narrow was the path and steep the mountain, with at least a thousand foot drop at one side, when he came around the bend. He wore a wide-brimmed sombrero; a red handkerchief was tied over his nose and mouth; and in the crook of his arms was a viciously glittering knife at least three feet long. On mountain trails like this one there is no alternative but to face it, for a horse can't turn around even if you wanted him to.

Closer and closer came this perfect example of a walking guillotine, and I was resigning myself to the loss of some members of my anatomy, wondering if it would be a leg or an arm first. But he politely pushed himself against the mountainside. He took off his sombrero with a sweep that would make any Fifth Avenue gentleman envious,

pullled down his mask and said,
"My buenas dias, *Señorita!*"

I gasped, swallowed hard and then recognized him. He is a most gentle and loved catechist.

Perhaps at this stage, I should identify myself. I am a nurse, serving the sick people in Marysnoll's mission in the Huehuetenango district of Guatemala. As the lone nurse trying to care for 205,000 patients, spread over an area the size of Tennessee, I feel like a drop of relief in a sea of misery.

At present we have nine established clinics. I ride the circuit, staying two weeks in each mission. The daily patient average is about 1000. In between, I go on sick calls away off the beaten path, never knowing what I'll find or when I'll return. Lacking trained help and essential materials to work with, is what makes it fairly hard. Here is an account of one of those calls.

I had planned to return to Huehuetenango, but when I was ready to climb on the horse, the husband of a sick Indian woman stopped by. He lived exactly in the opposite direction from the road to Huehuetenango. His reply was incoherent when I asked what was the matter with his wife. After two hours of crossing swollen rivers and ascending steep, muddy trails, we arrived at a hut. A survey of the situation necessitated a flying trip, to secure and improvise necessary equipment. Have you ever used a tea sieve for an ether mask? Or did you ever do a version and extraction while the chickens jumped over the patient, and a million flies

were getting into your eyes, ears and nose? I could not leave the patient till the next day but it was worth it; at least one more life was saved.

Ten hours' travel brought me back to headquarters.

Recently I went out for a home visit. I was told it was close by but experience told me to count on it being about three hours away.

The patient was about eighteen years old. His leg was swollen at least three times its normal size. While my eyes were getting used to the darkness in the hut, I searched for the site of the infection. I frowned, looked hard, looked closer, asked for my flashlight. Finally I discovered it but never had I seen such a thing. The drainage site of the infection had been nicely corked with a whittled wooden plug! The reason given by the medicine man who performed this operation was "so the strength wouldn't drain out of the leg."

In my nursing, I have a place in the patients' lives, not just as a professional who helps them in their needs—childbirth, sickness, or death—but also as a friend with whom they will share their joys. They ask my opinion about a thousand-and-one subjects touching their daily lives, but not belonging to internal surgical or obstetrical practice. It may be about a horse that has gas on its stomach or chickens that don't have any feathers, or even the reason for the lack of rain.

I know from experience that in no other nursing does the nurse belong to her patient as much as she does in rural nursing. ■ ■

BY FRANCIS X. KEELAN, M.M.



OLD TOWN

A funeral makes a ghost town on Formosa sit up and take notice.

■ LUKAN is the second oldest city on Formosa and a stronghold of superstition. Fifty pagan temples are maintained for a population of about 40,000; in the old days it was 100,000. Worship and money are lavished on a female idol, the Goddess of Mercy, popularly known as *T'ien Shang Sheng Mu* — Holy Mother of Heaven Above. Her cult was popular and lucrative, and Lukan artisans became famous all over the island, and even in Japan, for their beautiful carving. The Communists put an end to all that when they took over the mainland, and trading stopped. The harbor has filled up with tons of fine volcanic soil. Only a small group of artisans remain.

Every Wednesday I make the trip to Lukan to pass out goiter medicine. One of the group who

helps me with the medicine is a fine Catholic girl, Christine Yang. She was born and brought up in Lukan and comes from one of the best families in town. Christine is the only Catholic member of the family but has high hopes that some day all will be Catholic. Through her I have made the acquaintance of the wood carvers.

A few weeks ago, I took a crucifix and asked the best carver in Lukan to make one like it. The next week he had it finished — a superb job. He has since made several more. Brother Albert made the trip one day to Lukan to see the wood carvers; he claims their work can stand comparison with even the carvers of Tyrol. The fame of this Lukan carver is going abroad among all the missions and chances are that from now on he will make



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fewer idols and apply his skill to crucifixes and Madonnas. Perhaps his mind, like his hands, will be diverted from works of superstition to works for love of the true God.

About a month ago, one of my trips to Lukan, Christine asked me to go to her uncle's house. Her

uncle, 75 years old, was very sick. He had been to the house before. It's one of the best in the city and has a beautiful garden.

The central and largest room in the house was formerly a shrine to the Goddess of Mercy. But after constant pleadings, the girl persuaded them to remove the idol. All that remains are the altar and exquisite wood carvings that cover the wall and ceiling. On my first trip to the house Christine told me he was praying for the day when Mass would be offered there. Her prayers have been answered. Her uncle was baptized and anointed and had a very peaceful death.

Next day I went back to Lukan and for the first time offered Mass in the house. It was a great thrill because it was also the first time Mass had been offered in the city where 50 temples promote superstition and devil worship. Many pagan relatives came. About 25 Christians from Father Joseph Cosgrove's mission, including the Yuanlin band, attended. As many more Christians came from Changhua. We marched through the town of Lukan, with Christian banners flying and the

band blaring. The pagans looked on while we recited the last prayers, and while I blessed the coffin for the last time. As a final salute, we sang a couple of Catholic hymns

while they slid the coffin into the hillside.

In Lukan some old soldiers of free China are encamped,

about 300 of them. Only three are Catholics. I went to visit them one day. They live in bamboo shacks, erected by themselves. Plaster fills up the cracks and grass covers the roofs. Having fought their country's battles from Manchuria to Canton, and tramped over most of the Middle Kingdom, they are now retired.

The three Catholic soldiers got permission to come in to Changhua for a big feast day. That meant a three-hour walk from the camp, a half-hour bus ride and an overnight stay in a hotel. The oldest member of the group, a hard-bitten warrior from Shantung, acted as spokesman for the three. He had only one complaint, "Shen Fu, the language in the hotel isn't edifying."

"It would be good," he went on, "if you had a larger place here, so we could spend the night at the mission."

I could only conclude that the prose bantered about in the hotel was not classical when it could make an old soldier's ears turn red. I'm sorry I have no space for guests.

Lukan's fifty pagan temples are beginning to get competition from the one true Church. ■ ■

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

When I was a seminarian at Maryknoll some forty years ago, I used to hear our neighbor to the north, as he plowed and harrowed the rocky soil. Like many a cultivator of the good earth, he urged on his animals with a vocabulary that was picturesque. When the wind blew from the north, the stentorian voice of our friend floated down on our ears and disturbed the reverent atmosphere.

Later on, the Maryknoll Sisters bought his property. It is now the site of their Motherhouse. The original farmhouse, however, is the home of the cloistered Sisters. It is from there that Maryknollers lead light and strength for their tasks throughout the mission fields in which they work. Not infrequently there is a call from our headquarters to the Cloister, asking for spiritual help for some need or other. We feel confident that much of the growth in our work has its origin in the prayers and penances of these cloistered Sisters.

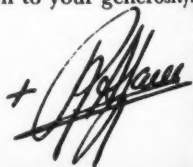
We know that the men in the field are strengthened and directed by this powerhouse north of us. The consciousness of this spiritual help gives us a feeling of security and of confidence. In times of special need, we are pleased to be near a center of prayer and contemplation.

The Sisters are cramped, eighteen of them, in the original farmhouse.

They should expand. They wish to find branches on the mission field. Think what this would mean to us if various foundations were established in the mission territories where our priests are working. The Sisters were planning to begin the first foundation in Bishop Ford's mission in Kaying but the Communist invasion interrupted their plans.

As the Maryknoll Superior General, I am happy to give our cloistered Sisters this public recognition of our appreciation. I hope our readers will pray for them, that they will have the means necessary for their building requirements.

Just before I wrote these words I had occasion to send a message to the superior of the cloistered Sisters. About a year ago, I had asked for prayers and penances for a very special favor for our Maryknoll priests and Brothers. Not only was the whole community alerted, but one Sister was given this request as a special charge. The favor has been granted, thanks be to God, and I have just asked the Sisters to offer thanksgiving for this evidence of God's mercy. This is a regular experience here on Mary's Knoll. We commend them to your generosity.

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Saburo started out for Bible class and wound up at the zoo . . .

SABURO LOST HIS WAY

Text by JOHN C. MURRETT, M.M.; pictures by CONSTANTINE F. BURNS, M.M.

SABURO was new in Kyoto. Like most country boys who are students at the university, he found the streets of the big city just a maze. One day he was invited by a classmate: "Come home with me for a while. I have a fine stamp collection that I want to show you."

Saburo went. But he was anxious about the trip because he doubted whether he could find the way back

to his dormitory from any part of the city except the campus of the university. When the time did come for him to return, he got lost. He asked a policeman how to get to the university, sure that he could go safely home from there.

On another occasion, the one on which Saburo found out about God, an English teacher told his pupils about a Bible class in English every



His friend, Jiro, found him and took him along to a meeting.

Sunday morning. The direction was clear: "It's just around the corner from the zoo."

Saburo found the zoo easily enough. But search though he did, up one lane and down another, he could not locate the Bible class. He ended again at the zoo and went in.

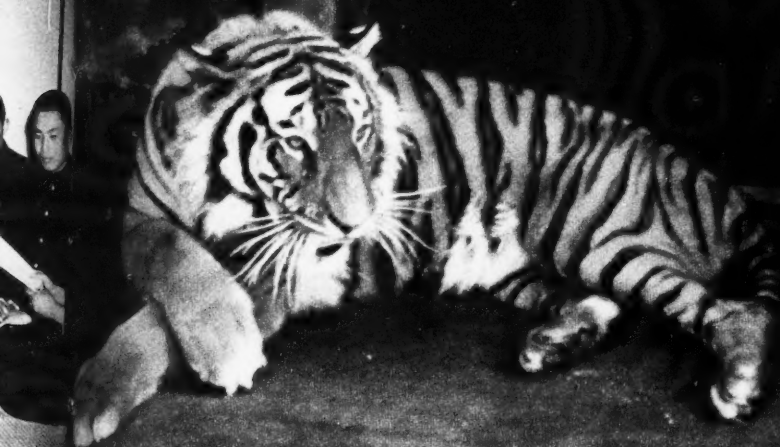
Saburo was most impressed by the tiger, who for all his reputation for ferocity, was lying there quietly. He was most pleased when the camel ate peanuts from his hand. He thought the zebra and the giraffe were like caricatures; so, too, were the elephants, whose enclosures attracted the greatest number of school children. The swans gave him a feeling of repose.

Tired from his walk, Saburo sat down to rest and to think. "Where," he asked himself, "did the animals come from? Each is so different, and yet each serves its own purpose. I know animals live in every corner of the earth, but what is their purpose? And after all, what is my purpose?" He wondered if he could find the answers at the Bible class.

"Hi, Saburo! What are you mooning about?" It was Jiro, school-mate.

Saburo laughed. "I'm lost again," he said. Then he told of his search for the Bible class and of the questions he had been asking himself about the animals.

Jiro looked serious for a moment



Now Saburo has found out who made the tiger . . .

and then said with excitement: "I know just the one you ought to see, Mr. Suzuki. He's the catechist at our church."

"A catechist? What's that?"

"He's a man who helps the priest at our church by teaching religion. He knows all the answers."

Mr. Suzuki was still at his desk when the two boys came in. Jiro burst out, "He doesn't even know who made the animals" — much to Saburo's embarrassment.

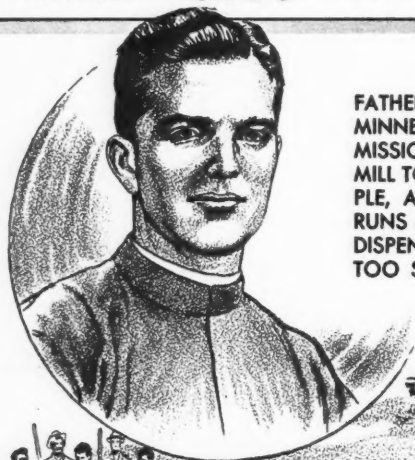
"Well, Jiro, you didn't know either until you started studying the catechism a year ago," chided the catechist who turned pleasantly to the country boy. "That question you were asking yourself about who

made the animals is a good one to start with."

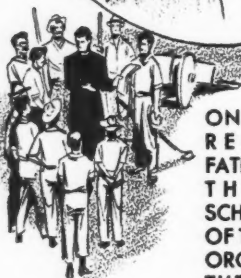
For the next hour Saburo pumped the catechism teacher for the answers to the questions that were bothering him.

Jiro did not keep the Faith to himself; he was alert for opportunities to pass on its riches to others less fortunate than he. That's why he introduced Saburo to the catechist. This spirit of friendly sharing has resulted in many a conversion in Japan. Lots of Japanese Christians are willing to shoulder their responsibilities as members of the Mystical Body; that means giving their friends an opportunity to discover Jesus Christ. ■ ■

What ONE Priest Can Do!



FATHER GORDEN FRITZ, OF NEWPORT MINNESOTA, PASTOR OF SAN JOSE MISSION, BOLIVIA, MANAGES A SAW-MILL TO PROVIDE WORK FOR HIS PEOPLE, ALL OF WHOM ARE POOR. HE RUNS AN ORPHANAGE, A SCHOOL, A DISPENSARY AND A CHURCH THAT'S TOO SMALL.



ON THE CAVINAS RESERVATION, FATHER FRITZ REBUILT THE CHURCH, SCHOOL, AND HUTS OF THE INDIANS, AND ORGANIZED SALE OF THEIR PRODUCTS.



Young men who wish to become Maryknoll priests or Brothers and young women who have a vocation to the Maryknoll Sisters, should:

1. Pray daily to the Holy Spirit for light and guidance and to the Blessed Virgin Mary for protection. Try to say the rosary daily.
2. Receive the sacraments and attend Mass frequently.
3. Choose a confessor; go to him regularly to discuss the important matter; then follow his direction.
4. Discuss the matter with their pastors and parents and follow their advice.
5. Write to the Maryknoll Vocation Director. Use coupon opposite.

Do! It Could be You!

NEWPORT, AN JOSE A SAW- HIS PEOP- OR. HE TIONCHUNG, FORMOSA. HE HAS ONLY 1,500 CATHOLICS BUT 50,000 NON-CATHOLICS TO CONVERT.



GOITERS, GOITERS, GOITERS! EVERY THIRD PERSON IS SWOLLEN WITH THIS AFFLICTION. THOUSANDS HAVE FOUND RELIEF AT THE MISSION DISPENSARY WHERE SISTER-NURSES HELP FATHER MANNING.



THE TIENCHUNG MISSION IS FAMOUS FOR DEVOTION TO OUR BLESSED MOTHER. DEVOUT PROCESSIONS THROUGH THE VILLAGES ATTRACT MANY NATIVES. TO FATHER MANNING'S CONVERT CLASSES.



MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Dear Fathers:

Please send me literature about becoming a Maryknoll

☐ Priest

☐ Brother

☐ Sister

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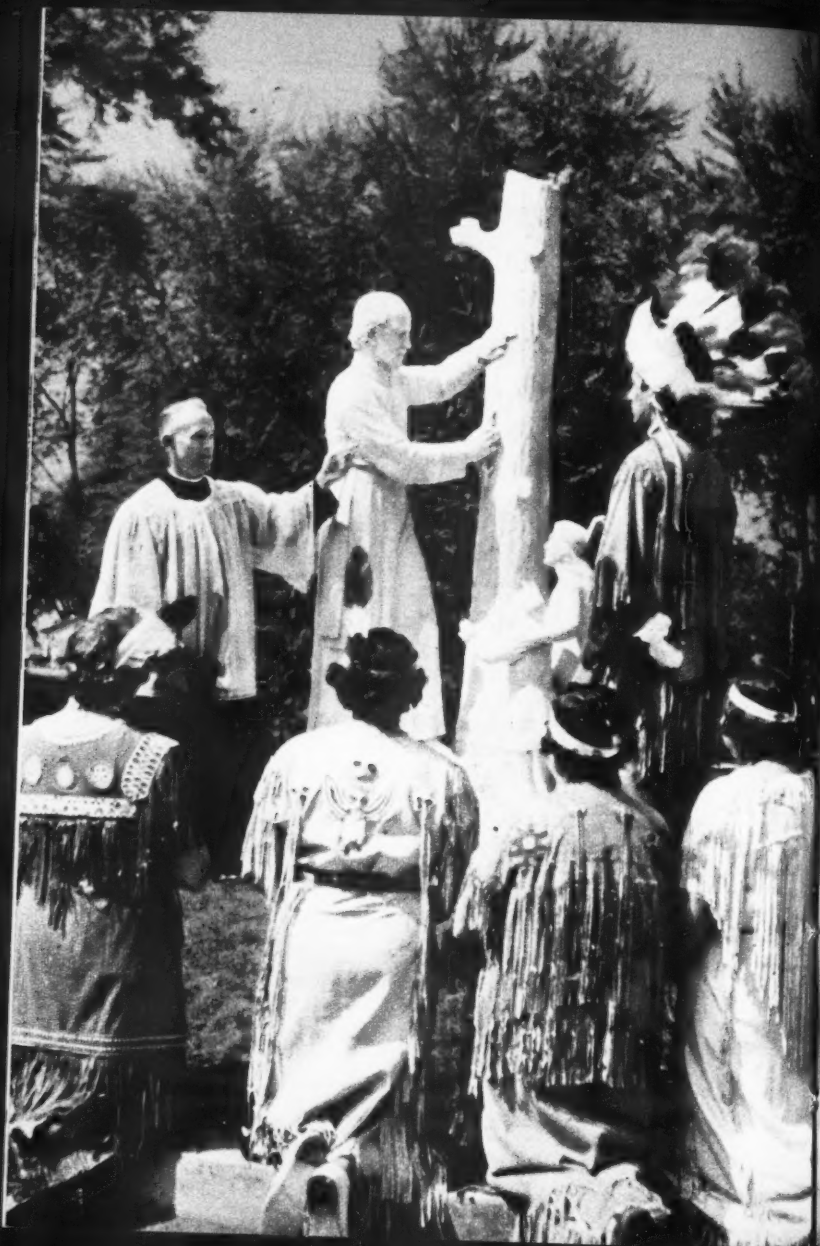
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Less than one-third of America's Indians are Catholic. Much needs to be done.

MISSIONARY AMERICANA

■ FEW AMERICANS pause to consider the tremendous debt our country owes to the missionary. As early as 1121, Bishop Eric of Greenland went to Vinland, now believed to have been on the American continent. In 1565, the first Catholic parish was established in Florida. Saint Isaac Jogues (his statue is opposite) pioneered New York State, discovered Lake George, and was martyred in 1646. Joliet and Father Marquette explored the Midwest

and discovered the Mississippi. In California, Father Junipero Serra founded nine missions, about which grew up the State's finest cities.

Until 1908, America was officially a mission country under the Congregation of Propaganda. Today our country equals all the rest of the world in financially supporting the foreign missions, but is still behind in giving personnel to the work. At the same time, many tasks remain to be done at home.

MARCH, 1955

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AURIESVILLE

■ ONE OF America's most sacred shrines is at Auriesville, New York. Set in the beautiful Mohawk Valley, just a few miles west of Albany, the village was once the Indian settlement called Ossernenon. There Saint Isaac Jogues taught Indian children by scratching the name "Jesus" in the bark of trees, and there he was tomahawked to death. There Saints Rene Goupil, John Lalonde and others met death. There lived the saintly Indian maiden (right), Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. The shrine is now in the custody of the Jesuit Fathers. Yearly, thousands of pilgrims visit the spots hallowed by the martyrs.



SAINT ISAAC JOGUES

FOUNDER OF CATHOLICITY IN NEW YORK STATE
AT THIS PLACE NAMED "MISSION OF THE MARTYRS" BECAUSE
HE WAS HERE TORTURED AND ENSLAVED OVER A YEAR
1642-43. HIS HEAD CLEFT BY A TOMAHAWK 1646

FIRST PRIEST TO TRAVERSE THE EMPIRE STATE TO
CALL ITS MOST BEAUTIFUL LAKE "HOLY SACRAMENT," TO
CARRY AND VENERATE THE CRUCIFIX ON ITS TREES TO
VISIT ALBANY, SAIL THE HUDSON TO MANHATTAN ISLAND
TO TEACH AND ANCHOR OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY
THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS

*The History Group is in Memory of
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McLaughlin of Buffalo, N.Y.*





The graceful beauty of Santa Barbara Mission influenced the architecture of America's Southwest. More important, these missions developed civilization in our Far West, and helped America to grow.

Lions Are My Neighbors

The missionary always managed to get Chief Daudi's goat.

BY WILLIAM J. MURPHY, M.M.

■ THE RAINY season is upon us in Majita, Africa. For three weeks I have been stranded in my mission by swollen rivers, and as a result I have been able to catch up in my work. So it is time that I set down on paper the beginnings and foundational days of this "baby mission" of the Musoma Prefecture.

It was July, 1952, when Monsignor Grondin told me that I was to leave Nyegina, where I had been stationed for five years, and go to Majita and start a new mission among the Bajita people.

Thus started the long, tedious task of learning another new language. Like all languages in the "Land of the Twelve Tribes," this language had no written books or words, and it became my first job to get something down on paper. With the aid of a native teacher, named Gabrieli, I started to work on Echijita, the language of the Bajita who live around Majita. (Confusing, isn't it?)

Gabe, as I called my teacher, is

not a man who could make a living by doing piece-work. About every minute he is ready to grab thirty winks if you are not looking. His extensive English vocabulary consists of two words — "yes" and "smoke." Even when he means "no" he says "yes."

However, with patience and hard work we managed to get some books together in six months: two catechisms, a dictionary, a grammar, the prayers of the sacraments, and other prayers. Then I made a hurried trip to Nairobi to buy some furniture for the new mission. We avoided all the Mau-Mau on the trip, not being anxious to be a martyr in Kenya, because I was from Tanganyika, and preferred to die with boots on, overlooking Lake Victoria.

Majita was not unknown to me, and I was not going there as a stranger. I had made plenty of safaris to Majita, and had spent three Christmases there. Majita is more or less a peninsula jutting out

into Lake Victoria. The new parish is about fifty miles long, and twenty wide, and consists of valleys, plains, and rolling mountains. In the way of beauty, we could ask for no more.

The Bajita people are hard workers and very serious minded. Morally they are better than the Bakwaya of Nyegina, who have the distinction of having the worst morals in the whole Lake Province. There are about forty thousand Bajitas around Majita, so my "baby mission" has the largest tribe of the Musoma Mission.

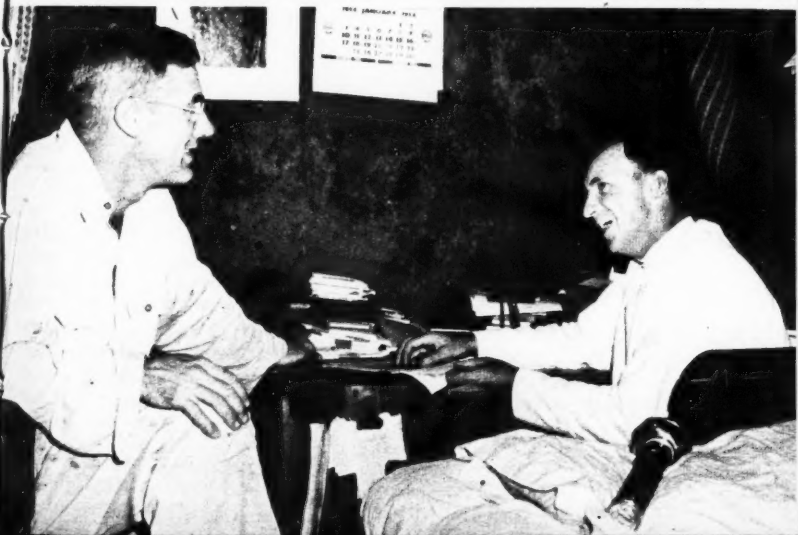
The people are farmers when they are not roaming the countryside looking for adventure. They are also fishermen since they have the second largest lake in the world right in their own back yard. Their staple food is millet, rice, cassava, and other grains. But the Bajita go in more for planting cotton, particularly since those who do not plant cotton are fined by the Government.

But the Bajita do not need much urging on this score as they like their shillings as much as the next person.

The Bajita do not have the color of the Bakuria at our Rosana Mission, who wear nothing but beads to keep them warm. The Bajita will wear anything they can get their hands on. When they try to imitate Europeans they look like something the cat dragged in on a rainy day. Some wear old Army overcoats which they may have received while in the Army, or stole somewhere. Any old kind of a rag will do for a shirt. Or a man may wear a pair of shorts and nothing else but a pair of sun glasses with the price tag still pasted on one glass, or a pair of white rimmed glasses without any glass. I saw a woman wear a pair of sun glasses and a sun-visor hat to midnight Mass one Christmas.

The Chief of Majita is Daudi, which means David. He was bap-

The author (right) and Brother Fidelis in the mud and wattle rectory.



tized in his own religion, called Massakara, meaning religion of the Bush. He is about six feet five, and broad of shoulder. Daudi is a man among men. Daudi has six or seven wives, and children running all over Majita. He also has many cows.

We were old friends. I had visited him on many occasions when I made safaris to Majita, and every time I

went, I got King Daudi's goat. I do not mean this the way it sounds. King Daudi would give me a goat as a token of his friendship, while tea was served by his fifth wife. It got to be such a joke that whenever we ran short of meat at Nyegina, someone would suggest that I take a safari to Majita and visit King Daudi.

What with learning the language, getting furniture and equipment, and drawing up plans, it was a year before Brother Fidelis and I could load up the lorry and take off for residence at Majita. Brother was to assist me in getting established, and he was to supervise the new construction we planned.

Our rectory was a hovel (I should not call it that since it was to be our home for the next seven months) that had served as a bush school. It was a big mud-and-wattle hut with a grass roof and dirt floor. Brother made a large cupboard out of some packing, and this divided the hut fore and aft. The fore part of the hut served as dining and living room. The aft part of the

hut was divided in two by means of a blanket suspended from the roof. This separation made two bedrooms.

We were always being attacked by white ants, and black ants, and bugs of all kinds. There were fleas and lice from the dirt floor and grass roof.

Every time that Brother Fidelis turned around he banged his head on the sisal poles in

the roof. That is because Brother is a tall six-footer. But I must confess that Brother has marvelous control of his tongue because he never once let out even a half cuss word.

When a visitor came to Majita, we would meet him at the door and say, "Welcome to our home. Watch the low ceiling." Such visitors as our Vicar General, Father Thomas Walsh; Father Albert Nevins, who took movies here; and Mr. Maley, a New York City policeman — all these left their marks on our sisal poles.

The pictures Father Nevins took when he was here will show what our home was like. When Father Nevins was sitting in our living room drinking his afternoon tea, a tropical storm came up, and the roof over Father's head started to leak. We all moved into the bedroom because Brother Fidelis had nailed corrugated iron sheets underneath the roof and over our beds so that we would be nice and dry while we slept. Besides it is very hard to catch up on back work on a wet bed.

YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

who wish to devote their lives to foreign mission work as priests, Brothers or Sisters, may write to: Vocation Director, Maryknoll, N.Y.

No sooner had Father Nevins sat down on Brother Fidelis' bed than he started to complain. He said that he was being bitten by something. We told him not to worry, as it was just the fleas which were not accustomed to strangers sitting on our beds, and also that they preferred fresh American meat for a change.

But if our home had a low ceiling, you should have seen our chapel. That was a ramshackle hut about twelve by twelve feet. Even I, small as I am, had to stoop to get into it. The chapel was the one sad feature of our living native style. It was not a suitable place to reserve the Blessed Sacrament. A priest without the Blessed Sacrament is like a fish out of water. Brother Fidelis and I took turns each week going to Nyegina to visit the Blessed Sacrament there, and also to do some shopping.

Since we are living in Africa, I suppose we might as well say something about animals. Just a few steps from our mission is the famous Serengeti Plains, and a short jeep ride will place you among more animals than you ever saw in your whole life. So we have plenty of animals if you are interested.

One night as I stepped out the door I heard a loud hissing noise, but thought that it was only Brother hissing at the last story I told. As I turned to go back in the house I discovered that the hissing noise came from a large spitting mamba, right in front of the door. The snake struck at me, but I pulled back in time.

I yelled to Brother Fidelis that there was a snake on our doorstep

listening to our stories. Brother grabbed the huge club that he always has beside him for such occasions, and he belted the mamba on the head, and cut another notch in his belt. Brother has a great reputation for killing snakes. Maybe you saw the picture of him in this magazine with the huge python he killed. That one was worth a whole beltful of notches alone.

Another night Brother Fidelis was wakened by the dogs barking, and by sort of a sawing noise. He jumped out of bed, because, believe me, when you hear a sort of sawing noise you know it means only one thing, and that is that a leopard is mighty close. Brother knew that leopards just love dog meat, and that we had two dogs — Whimpy and Lassie. Brother jumped real fast, grabbed his club and flashlight, and ran out the door.

It was hard for Brother to tell who had cornered whom. The dogs and the leopard faced each other. When the leopard saw Brother's light, it ran into the small hut that served as our chapel. Brother and the dogs ran after it. The leopard was cornered in the rafters of the roof. All Brother had for protection was his club, and besides he was in his sleeping clothes and bare feet. He hurried back to the house for his shoes and a gun. By the time he returned, the leopard had taken off.

The first job we had to tackle at the new mission was to put in roads so that we could reach the top of the hill where the buildings were to be erected. The grass was about seven feet high, and African grass is tough. The Christians each gave



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two weeks of work to help build their mission. Then the stone and gravel had to be gathered for foundations. The nearest sand is on the lake shore, about four miles away. Water had to be hauled the same distance.

The foundations were to hold two small prefabricated aluminum houses, in which we were to live while we built the mission. The houses had been used at our Komuge mission, while it was being built. I suppose in the catalogue it looks easy to assemble one of those houses, but I can assure you that prefabricated aluminum houses are a fiendish invention. The houses had to be assembled piece by piece, and on a windy day working with one is like fooling with a buzz saw.

The months of the heavy winds were upon us. We had to wait days while working on these houses for the wind to die down, because, if one of those sheets of aluminum ever blew away and hit anyone, it could take his head right off. This is no exaggeration.

We got one building up and cemented into its foundation, and started on the second. We finally got it together and in place, but did not have time to cement it. The next day was Sunday, and the people would be in for Mass and confession. We weighted the building down with everything in sight — boulders, poles, drums of water, and everything else we could lay our hands on.

When I finished Mass that Sunday, I noticed that the people were not hanging around as usual. "We can not shoot the breeze today,

MARYKNOLL

Padri," they said. "A big storm is coming."

Everything to a native is a big deal, so I just laughed off their warning, even though the sky over the lake was a real dark purple, and you could see rain falling.

The storm whipped in about ten that morning and lasted until six in the afternoon. Rain fell in sheets. Our dirt house took a beating. Part of the grass roof fell in, part of the wall washed away, and there was about two feet of water inside. The cab of our truck was the only dry place, so I decided to go up the hill and see what condition the aluminum houses were in. When I almost reached the top of the hill, I could see through the pours of rain that the weighted-down house was still standing. But when I got close to the top I saw that the house *was* standing — but off its foundation and upside down. It had started to slide down the hill but a stump had caught it. Two doors had blown off it, and some pieces were smashed and torn. The other house had big holes in its roof and was leaking like a sieve, but its cement foundation held it firmly.

It would be months before we got new parts and patches, and fitted the house together again, so we resigned ourselves to living a little longer in our mud hut.

About this time Father James Lehr was appointed as Majita's first curate. Since there was no place for him to live at Majita, it was decided that he would study the language at Nyegina. This was too bad because it meant that he would not have the experience of

living in our mud hut, and that he would have nothing to brag about to his first curate. But there was no place to put him except in the cupboard, and that would mean that we would have to move our dishes. So he stayed in Nyegina.

But Father Lehr was lucky. He did manage to get a taste of our "home" when he came to stay two weeks with me while Brother Fidelis went off to make his annual retreat. So now he can tell future generations how he lived in the "days of the giants."

Well, finally, we did get up the two aluminum houses, and also built a mud brick house in which our teacher would eventually live. Each aluminum house had two rooms—one twelve by twelve room, and one twelve by ten room. I moved into one house, using one room, and keeping the other room as a combination office and guest room. The other house was occupied by Father Lehr and Brother Fidelis. The teacher's house had three twelve by twelve rooms. One of these rooms became our recreation room, another our dining room, and the third our chapel. At last we were able to reserve the Blessed Sacrament.

Brother Fidelis proved his true colors by living in the mud house for almost eight months without a single complaint. He was always charitable, patient, and a true man of prayer. Never once did he have a cross word, even though he went through a couple of attacks of malaria and worms.

Father Lehr proved himself to be a fine helper. He has been initiated

into life here through his first sick call. I was in Musoma getting supplies when the sick call came. When I arrived back at the mission, I was surprised not to see Father Lehr around. I asked our helper, Donatus, where Father was, and learned that he was sleeping, and that he had just come back from a sick call at the gulf. The gulf appears to be right at the foot of our hill, but actually it is ten miles away. I knew that Father Lehr had walked there and back because I had the jeep with me.

I went to Father's room and he was just getting up. Father said that the sick call had come in early in the morning, and that the walk down wasn't too bad because it was cool, and he had water. When he started back a native gave him a bicycle to ride. That is where he made his mistake. Riding a bicycle on the hot plain will just about kill anyone. I know because I once tried it.

Father Lehr did not realize he was getting tired until he stopped

in a house to rest. He almost passed out and did not think he would reach the mission. I told him not to worry, that he had been introduced to mission life, and that it was good experience for the many more sick calls he would have to make.

Of course, I could not help bragging like a veteran, so I told him how one night on a sick call I ran into six hyenas, and how another time I got a flat tire at two in the morning while surrounded by wild animals. But I don't think my stories made him feel any less tired.

Right now we are ready to start building our school, then we will start a church, and then a priests' house. I am expecting another new curate because my furlough is coming up before long and Father Lehr will need someone to assist him. It will be wonderful to have another young priest around, bubbling over with energy and ambition. I'm only sorry that this assistant couldn't have lived in our hut. But it will be nice telling him about it. ■ ■

INDY ANN'S SURPRISE CATCH



Gilbert Makes Six

The whole wide world seemed
to turn itself inside out so
he could see its right side.

ADAPTED FROM LOS ANGELES TIMES



■ WHAT does a magazine account of a tragedy do in an American home? One answer to that question is what happened in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Forest D. Lindsey in Sun Valley, California. Mr. Lindsey is a commercial artist employed by Lockheed Aircraft Corporation. Mrs. Lindsey keeps busy as only a mother of five children can.

One day a couple of years ago, Mrs. Lindsey read a magazine article entitled, "Madame Butterfly's Children," an account of how American GI's had left thousands of illegitimate babies as a tragic and persisting legacy of the occupation of Japan. These GI babies now live in various private homes and orphanages throughout Japan. The orphanage that prominently figured in the magazine article was Our

Lady of Lourdes Baby Home, located in Yokohama.

Mrs. Lindsey's reaction was to do something to help. She wrote a letter to Sister Mary St. Alby at the home in Japan, asking how she could adopt one of these foundling children. The boy chosen was Gilbert Hagishma Satchio. He was only a little over two years old when Mrs. Lindsey got the idea of adopting him. He was four and a half years old before he was settled in his new home.

In between came mounds of red tape and months of patient waiting. Part of the story happened during the closing days of the 83rd Congress, when Public Law 203 was passed. This piece of legislation was introduced by Representative Patrick Hillings; under it the State

Department may issue a visa to a child who has been formally adopted in a foreign country.

The next step was to see that Gilbert's name was entered on the already overcrowded quota list for admission to this country. H. Allen Smith, attorney and member of the California Legislature, guided Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey through a maze of legal technicalities. Meanwhile, over in Yokohama, Sister M. St. Alby secured the necessary permissions from the Japanese authorities.

Finally, little Gilbert was dressed in a yellow shirt and blue pants. He clutched several toys to his chest as he was put aboard a giant strato-cruiser in Tokyo. Stewardess June Burchan said that little Gilbert was a perfect passenger, ate well and "slept like an angel during the long flight from Tokyo to Los Angeles."

Gilbert Satchio, now Gilbert John Lindsey, greeted his new mother at the Los Angeles airport by saying "Hi!" — one of the few English words he knows.

Mrs. Lindsey could only say how thankful she was to "all the wonderful people who had made this moment possible."

Mr. Lindsey said he believes that his own five children will soon make Gilbert feel at home, and that Gilbert, in no time at all, will be just like one of the family.

On hand to greet their new brother were the Lindsey sons: Ricky '8, and David 6; plus the three daughters, Barby 5, Susan 17 months and Rosemarie 5 months. Young Ricky expressed the sentiment for the whole family toward their new member when he ex-

claimed, "Gee, it's wonderful!"

Mrs. Francis A. Nolin, mother of Mrs. Lindsey, was at the airport, too. She said that she thinks her Catholic daughter and son-in-law are doing the right thing by adopting this orphan boy.

Gilbert is lucky. He will grow up in a happy home, in the land of his father. Thousands of other war babies in Japan face a future clouded by race prejudice.

Some idea of what these children go through can be gleaned from a news dispatch in connection with the opening in Yamatomachi of a home for youngsters of mixed races. The news caused a furor among the people of Yamatomachi, especially parents with children of school age. Signatures on petitions objecting to the home were sought throughout the city, and all sorts of objections were lodged with Bishop Arai, who is erecting the orphanage.

It was finally agreed, after repeated conferences between Bishop Arai and Mayor Yagi, that the town authorities would approve the erection of the orphanage only if Bishop Arai gave the assurance that the Japanese-American children would not seek admission to the local school. This means that the boys must commute fifty minutes to Motomachi, a school where some of them now attend. Each day these boys pass the local school in Yamatomachi, less than ten minutes' walk from their orphanage, but the Japanese brand of segregation allows no pause.

Many other things these children have a right to expect from life are as far away as the school. ■ ■

Cathedral in the Wilderness



BY THOMAS J. McCARTHY, M.M.

■ DON DIEGO, Mayan music man, rode with us today as we went to a wedding in Tatsu, a small village in Middle America. Elderly though he is, such trips do not weary him. He smiled as he mounted his horse, spread his blue apron over the saddle in front of him, and started on his hasteless journey.

Don Diego is a famous person here, for it is he who plays the music for weddings. Everywhere, he is welcome—what is a wedding without music? The people of the little villages think nothing of the long walk to Don Diego's house to bring him and his dilapidated, creaking, portable organ to their home village. The old man smiles yes in that courteous manner that is synonymous with the name Maya.

We rode with him today to the wedding Mass in the cathedral in the wilderness. We caught sight of it as we rode the rock strewn trail leading into the sprawling settlement of Tatsu, the home of a thousand people. There gleaming in the morning light, a naked and whitened skeleton, was the cathedral. Barren and empty, it stands in mute testimony to the death of the flourishing religious life that once

prompted its construction. Its head is bowed, for it is ashamed. It is roofless; exposed to the penetrating, destructive rains; the prey of trees growing within it, trees that seek to destroy its massive walls so as to reunite themselves to the forest, which daily creeps closer. Still clearly visible on the facade of the church, is the date of its dedication: 1690.

Poor, downcast creature, do you ever think back to the days when Tatsu thrived? Do you recall the years when hundreds gathered together under your fine roof and sang the glories of God under the loving care of Franciscan missionaries?

The people are waiting for the wedding. Were it not for this, the church would surely be empty. Don Diego had forgotten his music, but no matter. He sang from memory, and his aged fingers played skillfully as ever.

Would that this church were as full now as it was in years gone by. That is our work, to fill this church again. But first the structure must be rebuilt, for the faith of the people is dormant, and will be stirred up only by something visible and understandable. ■ ■

MARCH, 1955

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THE MASTER'S HAND

'Twas battered and scarred, and the auctioneer

Thought it was scarcely worth his while
To waste much time on the old violin,

But he held it up with a smile,

"What am I bid, good folk?" he cried,

"Who'll start the bidding for me?

"A dollar — a dollar — then two, only two?

"Two dollars, and who'll make it three?

"Going for three" but no —

From the room far back, a gray-haired man
Came forward and picked up the bow,

Then wiping the dust from the old violin,

And tightening the loosening strings,

He played a melody pure and sweet

As a caroling angel sings.

The music ceased, and the auctioneer with a

Voice that was quiet and low,

Said, "Now what am I bid for the old violin?"

And he held it up with the bow,

"A thousand dollars — and who'll make it two?

"Two thousand and who'll make it three?

"Three thousand once — three thousand twice —

"And going and gone," cried he.

The people cheered, but some of them cried,

"We do not understand.

"What changed its worth?" Quick came the reply,

"The touch of the master's hand."

And many a man with life out of tune,

And battered and scarred with sin,

Is auctioned cheap, to a thoughtless crowd,

Much like the old violin.

A mess of pottage, a glass of wine,

A game and he travels on;

He is going gone and going twice,

He's going and almost gone!

But the Master comes, and the foolish crowd

Never quite understands

The worth of a soul, and the change that's wrought

By the touch of the Master's Hand.

—Jean S. Lauer



Old Faithful

Chris is the salt of the earth.

BY J. GERARD GREENE, M.M.

■ IT WAS not difficult to classify Old Chris. The first time I saw him, he was kneeling in a front pew in the church. A foot-square scapular covered the front and the back of his shirt. May the Lord forgive me for what I thought: "An old duffer who tends toward salvation mumbling incessant prayers, but hardly the type for the penetrating action that helps bring the kingdom of God into the surrounding neighborhood of this parish in Middle America."

It has been a year now since I first glimpsed Don Chris, and the sight of him in the church among the congregation these days causes in me a surge of wholesome humility. I have since discovered that the old straw hat, the shuffle and the slightly stooped shoulders of Don Chris make their way unobtrusively

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but effectively in a variety of apostolic activities. In his rather unpretentious house, surrounded by an unusually pleasant garden, considering the semi-arid climate (Chris is a gardener), there is a Saturday school for catechism. Almost every child in the slaughter-house neighborhood has had some contact with this training. Sometimes they come and sometimes they don't. At all events, Don Chris meets them in the store or on the street, with an invitation or a reproval; or he uses the indirect approach of urging the parents. There is a lot of wisdom in his methods, even though reading and writing are beyond his ken.

In a conversation among the catechists, several complained of being unable to maintain order because of a hectic outpouring of youthful spirits, hardly conducive to a successful catechism class. The old-timer innocently remarked on his manner of maintaining discipline: "I look around and — ahem — things quiet down."

Chris is not beyond poking around the neighborhood to find couples who have never fulfilled the obligation of having their marriages blessed. Some couples are easily convinced; others need time and patience; and others seem, or probably are, hopeless. Yet it is not unusual to find the Mrs. and her Chris, early in the morning, serving as witnesses to a legitimation of a marriage.

Old faithful, Chris visits the hospital every Sunday. He takes magazines, some extra food for which he found a donor. Occasionally there is a party that he talked people into getting together. Chris has a word of encouragement for the sick, advice to confess or to fix a marriage or to make ready for the Last Sacraments. In the homes of the slaughter-house section, Chris prays for the dying and the dead.

Christ promised the Apostles that they should judge the twelve tribes of Israel. Not a few Yucatecans would relish the hope of lining up before Chris. ■ ■



SIT DOWN

TIME or distance means little to the Indians in Peru. Their business is barter, and they walk beside their llamas for incredible distances. Llamas carry anything up to 100 pounds — not an ounce more. The Indians

can judge weights almost perfectly; for if 101 lbs. are tied on the back of a llama, he will sit down and not move for a couple of days. — James M. O'Brien, M.M.



AT YOUR DOOR- STEP?

Wu Han has trudged long hours to reach our clinic in Korea. And now he waits. The line may be 2,000 patients long.

Children all over the world are waiting for Maryknoll Sisters, while here we do our best to train as many as we can. Children need not wait so long if you will help us.

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In California and Texas, Mexican families welcome the catechist.

Catechism

■ YOUNGSTERS who live on the wrong side of the tracks deeply appreciate anyone who shows a sympathetic, personal interest in them. Children in the slum sections of some of our big cities need to feel loved and respected. Maryknoll Sisters come to their rescue with schools and catechism classes in run-down rural areas and in the poorer sections of some of the big cities in the United States.

MARCH, 1955

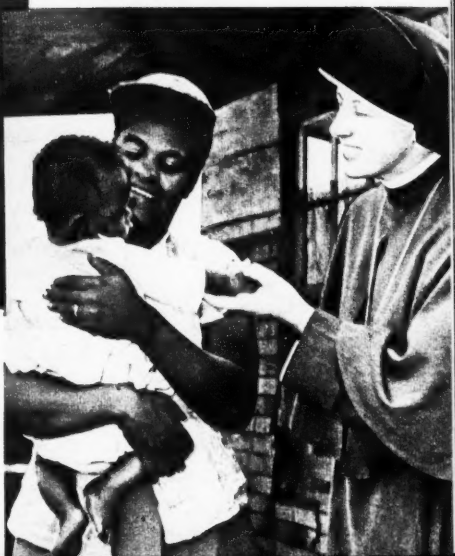






Poor boys and girls learn from the Sisters a lot about Christ and His Mother. Of course they receive plenty of formal instruction in the catechism. But over and above that is an added treat: the warm friendliness of the Sisters — a precious commodity in the lives of underprivileged boys and girls; one which they hunger and thirst for.

Sisters "make a pitch" anywhere, be it a bus, labor camp or someone's front porch. Ten years ago 533,000 pupils were taught catechism; today there are 1,600,000 studying religion in U.S. schools.



The Value of Impatience

BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, M.M.

■ PEOPLE have been kind enough to say that Maryknoll Missioners are contributing something to the Church in this country. A vision that passes beyond the national frontiers might perhaps be regarded as a benefit for all. An ideal that passes beyond the vaulted skies can, indeed, be an inspiration to all. And a spirit that would go the whole way to live the vision and to die for the ideal may be fairly considered, if it can maintain its standard, as a blessing on all.

Yet, we do not consider ourselves to have attained; we merely press toward the mark. What is perhaps true is the fact that we have a mark to press toward — but where did we obtain it? We have thought of ourselves as receiving rather than giving. We think we derived something from the Church of our own land; her ideal has been our mentor. Ours is that same vision and that same

ideal and that same spirit. We do not know where the vision and ideal came from unless it be from the clergy of America that gave birth to Maryknoll.

Country pastors, riding in dilapidated buggies over muddy roads to bring Christ to their scattered flocks, were paving the way for Maryknoll. City curates, threading back alleys and climbing rickety tenement stairs to keep their people close to Christ, were setting the stage for Maryknoll. Busy missionaries, going up and down and in and out in their everlasting journeyings for Christ, were harbingers of Maryknoll. Tired but tireless priests, good shepherds and apostles all, your restless quest for souls it was that simply had to blossom forth Maryknoll's quest.

FROM the good priests of this country, Maryknoll learned that spiritual something which is a special



This Month's Cover

THE Chinese woman on our cover this month typifies the straining hope of millions of Catholics behind the Iron Curtain. When will their long Holy Week at the hands of the Reds burgeon into Easter? When will the Church be free once more to worship and grow among the vast portion of the human race now under Soviet domination?

aptitude for concentrating on souls. The average priest is active about many unimportant things while remaining intent on this world's only two realities, which are God and souls. He runs his course with his feet on the ground and his head in the stars. He jogs along with his eyes fixed on the landscape, without losing sight of the horizon. Thanks to his good example, Maryknoll has learned to look upon the missions with the intensity worthy of and due something that truly matters. We try to keep ours and our friends' eyes and interest focused on reality; aim to keep our supporters as well as ourselves in a respectful attitude toward mission work that links God and souls. Our work is not an exotic specialty; in reality, it is the central problem of the human race.

IT HAS been said by a saint that there is no real love of God without patience, and it may be added by a sinner that there is also no real love of God without impatience. Maryknoll learns the one without forgetting the other. She learns to adapt her native hurried gait to a slower tempo and to possess her hasty soul in peace amid a thousand contradictions and delays. She learns to plan and hope and trust for tomorrow when she cannot act for today. And she learns, whether she is catching a boat or building a church, to smile and to wait. This is patience.

But there is also a patience that Maryknoll does not want to learn, and herein Maryknoll is impatient. She does not learn to stand all the

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

day idle in a field white for the harvest, and like it. She does not learn to see souls perishing all around her, and put up with it. She does not learn to watch great opportunities for God and the Church pass by, and resign herself to it. Please God, she will never learn it, for Maryknoll must also have the virtue of impatience.

Patient man, cling to your glorious patience. Stand in the rain, wade through mud, hobble to the village — that is patience, and you need it for yourself. But keep also your impatience, which is not for yourself but is for God and souls that Christ redeemed. Your patience is virtuous indeed and good, but your impatience is divine. ■ ■

School for Leaders

**How far away is this priest?
A year away from his neighbor.**

BY ROBERT E. KEARNS, M.M.

■ THE PERUVIAN PRIEST who joined us one day in the dining room greeted all those present and took his place at the table.

"I've never met you, Father," I said. "Where do you work?"

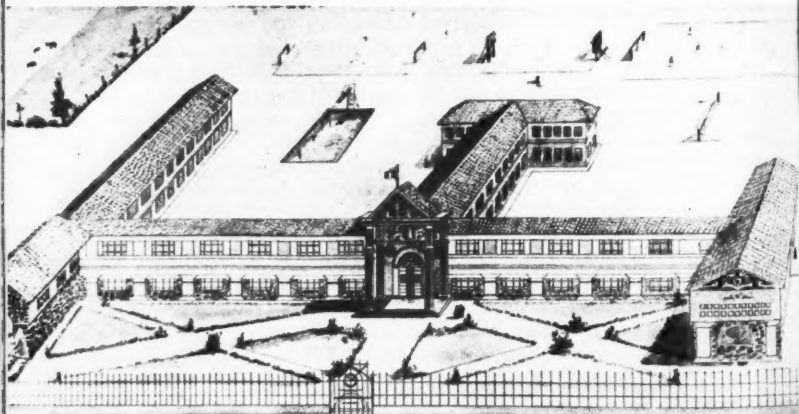
The visitor smiled before answering. "I have a parish in this Archdiocese of Cuzco. I am three days by horseback from the nearest road. Then once on the road, I am only a day and a half from Cuzco. Since travel is so difficult and the work keeps me so busy I see another priest only once a year."

The plight of this zealous priest recalled to mind a letter from another South American priest, received by another Maryknoller.

"You will be surprised to know, dear Father, that I am no longer laboring as a parish priest. Deep in my heart, I know that the administration of the sacraments is the most important work that a priest can do. I wanted so much to be a good parish priest!

"There was work for five priests in the parish where I was pastor. Being alone, I felt that I could not dedicate myself to any particular group or to any particular work, without leaving the great mass of my parishioners uncared-for. How often I longed for the company of a fellow priest, just to talk to him! How often I wanted advice and help from the members of my own

Architect's drawing of new Cuzco seminary to replace one built back in 1598.



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profession! It was always lacking. Finally, in desperation, I requested permission from the Bishop to continue my studies, while living in a community of priests. The Bishop granted my petition; and here I am today, broken-hearted at the thought of so many people uncared-for, but unable to work as a parish priest without at least one companion. What a pity that we are so few!"

How often have these conditions been repeated throughout Latin America! How often have priests suffered in silent loneliness far from contact with their fellow priests! How often have towns and villages sent delegations to the Bishop, requesting the service of a priest, even if for only one day a year!

The records of the Archdiocese of Cuzco and the Diocese of Puno speak for themselves. These two areas, more than twice the size of the State of Ohio, are located in the Andes Mountains. The vast majority of the people live at altitudes of more than 12,000 feet above sea level. Roads cling to the sides of the mountains, in one of the most difficult terrains in the world. Communities living in valleys are days apart from their neighbors. A pitifully few parish priests are responsible for them all.

In the Archdiocese of Cuzco with one million people, there are 99 parishes but only 60 priests dedicated to parish work.

In the Diocese of Puno with an

estimated population of one million, there are 54 parishes, served by only 31 priests. Each parish has from a minimum of ten to a maximum of 27 chapels in scattered districts.

IF YOU FEEL

that God is calling you to serve Him, choose a confessor and discuss with him the important matter of your vocation to serve.

Maryknollers working in southern Peru have studied the problem and have taken

practical steps towards reaching a final solution. Much has been done to obtain more vocations to the priesthood. The minor seminary in the Diocese of Puno has been improved. Pastors in the different Maryknoll parishes are cooperating with the Bishop and the secular clergy, in a plan of formation and help for the newly ordained secular priests. And Maryknoll has been invited by the Archbishop of Cuzco to take over the direction of a proposed new major seminary.

Encouraged by Maryknoll's interest, the Archbishop began to construct a new seminary building, adequate for the number of students expected, and providing in itself an attraction to help modern youth want to become secular priests. The new building will replace the present one which was erected in 1598!

The cornerstone was laid on May 13, 1953. With funds obtained from the Catholics of Cuzco, the work advanced rapidly. Not long ago the work was halted. The second floor remains to be finished. Additional appeals to local sources produce little because many people are out of work and can ill afford to give even a few coins.



What Sacrifice for Lent?

WHY NOT THE HOLY SACRIFICE?

The missionary's need in Central America is your opportunity

(Initial your choice and write us.)

Chapel furniture
\$217.50

6 sets, large candlesticks
\$15 each

**Statues of Blessed Mother,
Sacred Heart, St. Joseph**
\$100 each

**St. Gertrude's Mission
Chapel equipment**
\$489

BAPTISMAL FONT
\$60

**STATUE OF ST. ISIDORE,
THE FARMER \$80**

HARMONIUM
for choir
\$150

**VESTMENT
CASE**
\$60

Altar stone
Offering \$25

Altar drapes
\$150

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

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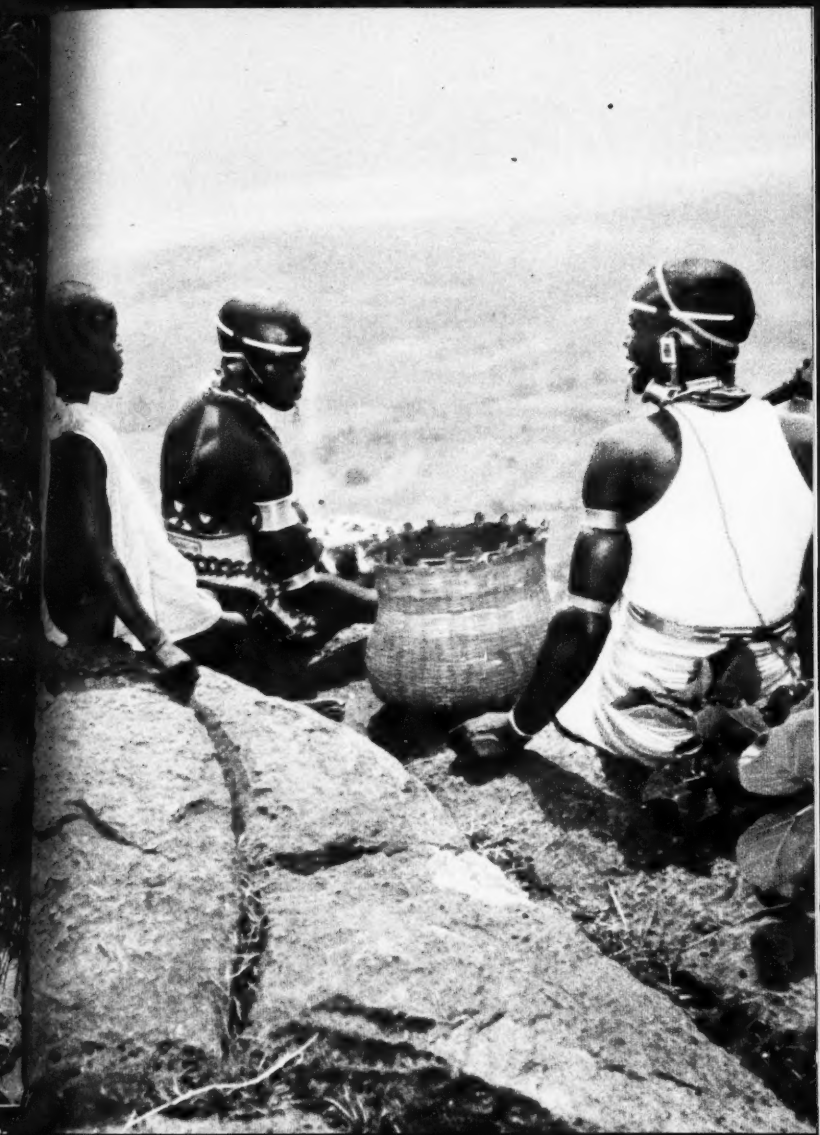
MOST colorful of the Maryknoll missions in Africa is our station among the Bakuria tribe in Rosana, Tanganyika. This tribe, an offshoot of the warlike Masai, is said to contain the best cattle thieves in all Africa. The Bakuria hang big weights to stretch their ear lobes, and put tight copper bands on their arms. The newest Maryknoll film release, **A BOY OF THE BAKURIA**, shows tribal customs and environment.





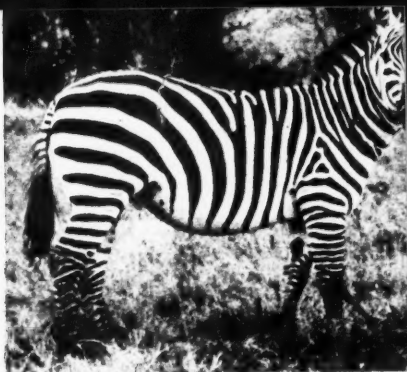
Main actor in the film is Rangī, who is undergoing tribal rites preparatory to manhood. During his initiation he must perform two feats.

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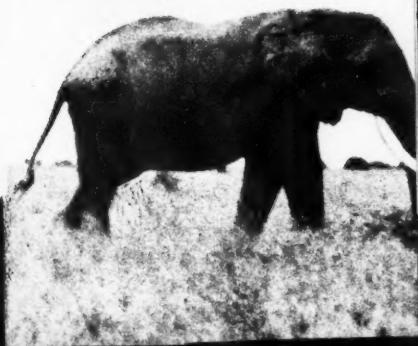


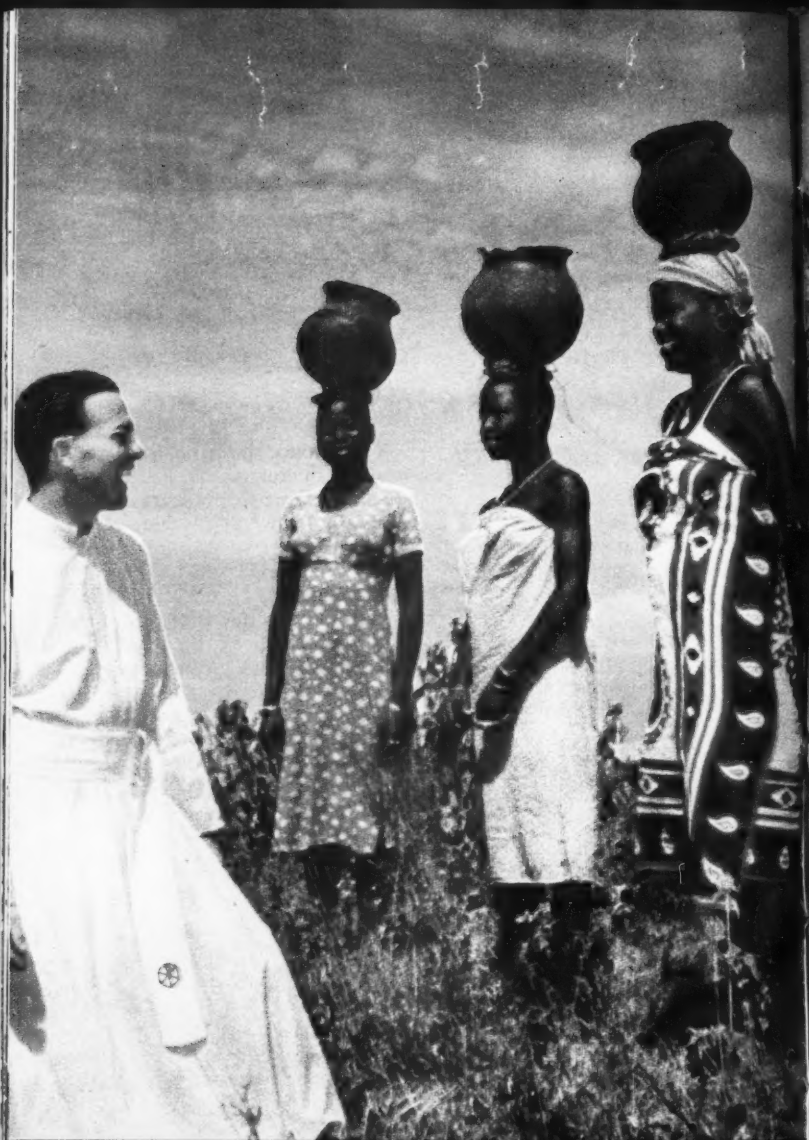
The Bakuria people play themselves in the film, wearing their intricate beadwork. A tribal dance is one of the film's highlights.





■ NESIBURO, the tribal wise man or witch doctor, sends Rangi to the game plains to prove that he can obtain food by his own prowess. Here Rangi sees many different types of animals. As his second feat of manhood, he decides to steal a herd of cows. He is caught making off with the herd; then beaten and left for dead. A group of people on the way to the Rosana mission find him, and carry him to the priests. Rangi's wounds are treated. But he remains at the mission, ashamed to go home because of his failure.

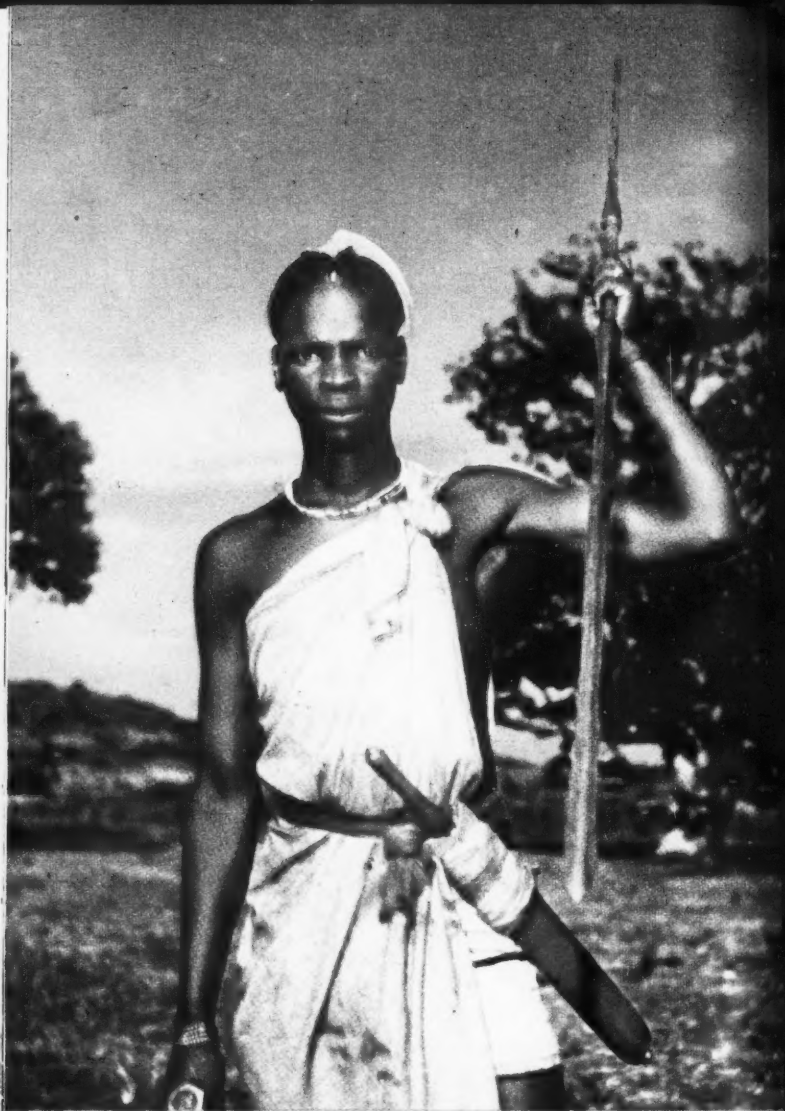




Rangi sees Father Joseph Reinhart, the mission's pastor, caring for catechumens of the six-month sacrament course. Kindness wins Rangi.



Impressed by the new Christians' happiness on their baptismal day, he tells Fathers Reinhart and Edward James that he wants to know Christ.



Rangi returns home knowing that his decision to become a Christian is a sign of manhood. He promises to return to study in the next course.





ALMS FOR LENT TO CHRIST'S POOR?

Some suggestions in mission lands:

AFRICA	\$9.50 monthly to feed aged; \$75 to buy school books for children.
BOLIVIA	\$2,000 for mobile dispensary; \$100 for housing orphans.
CENTRAL AMERICA	\$150 yearly supports an Indian boy studying for the priesthood.
CHILE	\$100 for medicine; \$50, clothes for orphans.
FORMOSA	\$75 to care for poor; \$175 to feed orphans.
GUATEMALA	\$35 for catechism teachers to visit villages.
HONG KONG	\$60, medicine for refugees; \$15, food for refugees.
JAPAN	\$150 for dispensary work; \$60 for disaster relief.
KOREA	\$25 for firewood; \$15 for food; \$25 for medicine.
PERU	\$50 for penicillin and syringes.
PHILIPPINES	\$25 for rosaries, medals, holy pictures.

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N.Y.

Dear Father:

As a Lenten alms and sacrifice, I enclose \$.....
for.....in.....

My Name.....

My Address.....

My City.....Zone.....State.....

"Our Life is a hidden life"

"I got a jolt when I saw grown men on their knees, praying — men whom I knew to be tough as nails from work on their farms." Thus Brother Cornelius Christie describes the first of a series of events that catapulted him into the Church and later led him to dedicate his life to God as a Maryknoll Brother.

Q *When and where were you born, Brother Cornelius?*

A I was born in Dundee in Bonnie Scotland in 1915.

Q *Have you many memories of Scotland?*

A Childhood memories. Mostly ones caused by fear or joy. Like the time I was caught stomping in a field of barley; or the day I pushed a friend into the Gelly Burn, a stream near my home. The joys were the simple ones of the poor. Like fish and chips bought with a penny; or the seasonal visit of the balloon vender, who accepted clean bottles in exchange for a wonderful balloon.

Q *It must have been a boyhood like*

that of country boys here. Open fireplaces? No movies?

A I remember the open fireplaces. We did have movies. I recall *Nanook of the North*, and Charlie Chaplin. Instead of popcorn at the movies, we ate tuppenny-pies.

Q *Was your boyhood touched by many religious influences?*

A I recall a church in the fields, and a man playing the bagpipes as he marched back and forth in front of it. But I have no recollection of ever going inside the church. I did learn to pray at my mother's knee before going to bed.

Q *When did you come to America?*

A In 1923, when I was eight. My mother was a widow with three

children. My father had died six years before, in India.

Q *Did you enjoy the voyage over?*

A Everyone was sick. Then we ended on Ellis Island because my uncle couldn't get the day off to come and receive us. We spent two days there, and we almost took the next boat back.

Q *Where did you settle?*

A In Waterbury, Connecticut. My sister, May, got a job there in a watch company. My brother, Bill, and I were still schoolboys. We sold newspapers on the street, and Mom did part-time house cleaning.

Q *Did you go to church in Waterbury?*

A Yes, at the Second Congregational Church. Bill and I also went to Sunday School.

Q *I gather that you were not too well fixed financially.*

A Quite right. However, things did improve. When Bill finished grammar school, he became an apprentice in a foundry. We moved from a basement to a small, two-family house on Hamilton Ave.

Q *I suppose you played the usual boyhood games?*

A Bill was active in the church and the "Y," but I took to the woods for my recreation. A neighbor's dog was my companion on most hikes. One outstanding event in those grammar-school years was the time Tommy Dowie fell in the Mad River, and pulled me in after him.

Q *Did you work?*

A When I was in the eighth grade, our egg man, Mr. Moore, offered me a summer job helping on his route two days a week. I earned three dollars a week—a great deal of money during the depression. I worked for Mr. Moore every summer through high school. He became a sort of father to me.

Q *What job came next?*

A About 1931 or 1932, Mr. Moore started a riding academy. I helped him with it, and I was in my glory because I could ride at will. Mrs. Moore died that winter, leaving the old man alone. I hiked up to be with him, but it only seemed to increase his sorrow, so he drove me back to Waterbury.

Q *Did Mr. Moore continue to operate the academy?*

A He sold it to a professor from Columbia, and I went to work for the new proprietor. After I graduated from high school, I went to the academy, to live alone until the owners were free to come and stay. Mr. Moore arranged for me to take my dinner with a family called Prior. They were the first Catholic family I came to know.

Q *Did you get to know them well?*

A Very well. I was soon eating three meals a day there. Mrs. Prior was all for me quitting my job, which had become a combination of riding instructor, stable boy, plumber and ditch digger. And all for six dollars a week.

INTERVIEW

Q *Why didn't you quit?*

A I did quit after an argument with the professor but then had to beg the job back when I realized how much my family needed that six dollars. Later I went to work harvesting ice on Bantam Lake, and lived with the Priors.

Q *Did you find living with a Catholic family to be different from living with any other family?*

A Definitely. During that winter, I received my first two jolts in matters of faith. Frank Prior, a son who was studying for the priesthood, was home for the Christmas holidays. We slept in one room. He always went up to bed before me, but one night I followed him by just a few minutes. I found him on his knees, praying. I was stunned at the sight of a boy of eighteen on his knees. I didn't resent it, but it was incredible.

Q *You mentioned two jolts?*

A That winter, driving was hazardous because of ice. One Sunday Mrs. Prior asked if I would drive her and her daughter, Elizabeth, to Mass. At the church, she invited me in out of the cold. There it was again — grown men on their knees. Men whom I knew to be tough as nails from their work on their farms.

Q *How long did you stay with the Prior family?*

A In the spring my brother, Bill, got me a job in his factory. So I returned home. It was only then that I realized how much concern my stay with Catholics had caused.

Q *What happened next?*

A One rainy night while I was driving, a man ran into my car. I took the unconscious man to the hospital. A witness, who had seen the man run into my car, accompanied me, so there was evidence that it was not my fault. When I returned home, I was worried about the injured man's condition. I looked out my window and saw the steeple of Sacred Heart Church. I knelt down, fixed my gaze on the steeple, and prayed. The injured man recovered — also important was the fact that I had gone on my knees to pray.

Q *When did you first inquire into the Catholic Church?*

A Shortly after the accident, I wrote to Frank Prior and asked him to send me some books on the Catholic Faith. He did so.

Q *Your family knew nothing about your interest?*

A Not at first. But one night I fell asleep reading one of the books. My mother found it, and she was in a terrible state. However, by then I knew I had to be a Catholic.

Q *Was it easy after you had made your decision?*

A No, it was a terrible struggle. When my vacation came in May, I went to Bethlehem to see Father Tuelings. Three times I tried to get through the door, but it was physically impossible. I thought of my family. I realized I was cutting myself off from my friends. By the grace of God, I finally knocked on

the door, on my fourth attempt. Then when I did get inside, I was speechless. Fortunately, Father Tuelings was able to bring me back to normal.

Q *When were you baptized?*

A On the Feast of the Assumption in 1936. The next day I received Our Lord for the first time.

Q *Did your family find out?*

A Not immediately. But after the first few Fridays, my mother became suspicious. So one Friday she asked me why I ate no meat. Then I told her.

Q *How did she take it?*

A The news began a period of trial and sorrow for the whole family, with tears, threats and arguments. I knew that I was the cause of the disturbance and that I had to leave. So I called Mr. Moore and asked him to take me in. Mr. Moore was a Protestant, but he had encouraged me to follow my conscience and to do what I thought right. He came down and picked me up in his car.

Q *Did you cut yourself off entirely from home?*

A No. I visited home once a week. It was painful and sad. My heart bled for my family because they suffered without consolation.

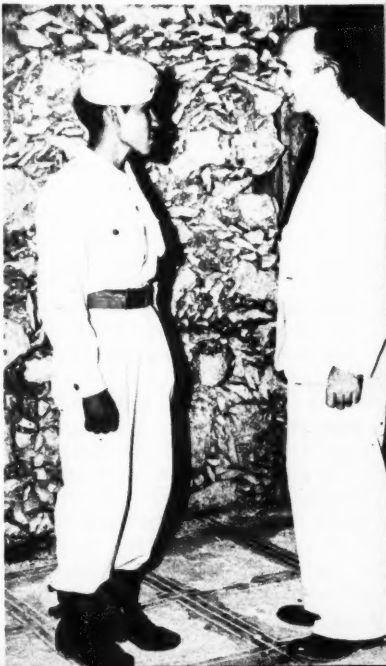
Q *When did you first realize that you had a vocation to the religious life?*

A It came about in a strange way. I had become engaged to a fine girl and intended to be married. One day while talking with Father Tuelings I remarked that after the

girl the Church meant everything to me. As soon as I said it, my conscience gave me a knife thrust. I was deeply disturbed at putting a creature before God. The more I thought about the remark, the more I realized that Our Lord meant more to me than anything in the world. I made a novena to find out God's will for me. I came to the conclusion that God wanted me to serve Him completely.

Q *You applied to join Maryknoll?*

His smile goes right to the heart of the people south of the border.



INTERVIEW

A I hadn't the faintest idea where I should go. Father Tuelings and I visited a religious order, but they wanted me to enter and study for the priesthood. I was twenty-two, and only wanted to serve Our Lord with the few talents I had. Father Tuelings suggested that he write to Maryknoll. I agreed.

Q *And you were accepted?*

A Finally, yes. The date set for my entering Maryknoll was February 11, 1938.

Q *How did your family react to that news?*

A I couldn't make them grasp it. I was working in a store at this time. On the Saturday night when I was to leave the store for good, someone told me my mother and sister were outside. I feared a scene on the street, but went out to see what they wanted. They had come to take me home, firmly believing that I was out of my head.

Q *What happened when you got outside?*

A I shall never forget the hurt look on the face of my mother when I told her that I was going away. She turned away blindly. My sister stopped to argue, and then hurried after my mother, so that she would not walk into a car. I thought that was the last time I should ever see them. I went down to the store basement and cried my heart out.

Q *What is your first recollection of Maryknoll?*

A I drove to Maryknoll on Friday, February 11. Father Jerry

Donovan's body had been found that day on a hill in Manchuria, where bandits had strangled him. One of the first persons I met was Father Jerry's brother, Father Joseph Donovan. He said that I had come to take his brother's place. It was a nice compliment that I will never forget.

Q *How long were you at Maryknoll before going to the missions?*

A Eight years to the day. Happy years, too. Then in 1946, I was assigned to work in one of our missions in Middle America.

Q *You are now home on furlough?*

A After seven years in the missions, I am just finishing a furlough. Within a month I'll be back at my post, in Our Lady of Guadalupe's own land.

Q *Did you see your family while you were home?*

A Yes, indeed. Grace and time have healed the sorrow and wounds. My Mom is now seventy-five, and the dearest little lady in the land. Most of the prejudice has gone, and she is happy that I am doing God's work. My sister feels the same way — she told me so. I am still the only Catholic in the family, but my folks are not worldly people.

(Editor's Note: Shortly after granting this interview, Brother Cornelius' mother died.)

Q *Have you any ideas on how we could get more Brothers?*

A Make the Brothers' place in the Church better known and understood. There are thousands of young

men in America who would become Brothers if they had proper information and proper direction.

Q Can you explain what you mean by "making the Brothers' place better known?"

A Well, a Brother occupies a place somewhat comparable to that of Saint Joseph in the Holy Family. That saint worked hard to support His Son, yet his life was a hidden one. So it is with a Brother. His life is so little understood that, when a young man expresses the desire to enter the religious life, he is almost inevitably advised to study for the priesthood. I'm afraid that too many people think that a Brother is someone who was kept on, after he had failed to make the grade as a seminarian.

Q What would you do about this problem?

A Carry on a campaign of education, particularly among the clergy. The aim would be twofold: to see that those who direct aspirants, know the whole story of the religious life; and to try to eliminate any prejudice against the Brothers' vocation. Then I would also go to

greater lengths, to tell the young men of America about the opportunities the life of a Brother offers — particularly as regards his own salvation.

Q You feel that such a campaign would produce many more Brothers?

A Definitely! One other thought. How often have you heard a sermon on Sunday about a Brother's vocation? You hear sermons on the priesthood but seldom on the Brotherhood.

Q Wouldn't such publicity harm the hidden life of the Brother?

A Not the individual life. Moreover, lack of publicity does lessen the effectiveness of the Church's apostolate; that's what counts.

Q Is there anything else that you would like to say?

A Only to add that we should love Holy Mother Church. Be faithful to what she teaches, receive as often as possible the eternal gifts she alone can bestow. For she is the way through this vale of tears, the way that can assure us an eternity of happiness with God in heaven. I'd also ask prayers for my family, myself and my mission.



DAUNTLESS

A fourteen-year-old boy was late for Mass on his First Communion day in Galvarino, Chile. He was excused because he had to walk fifteen miles to the church. After Mass the boy stayed to march in the procession in honor of Our Blessed Lady, in the late afternoon. I invited him to supper. Since it was growing late, I asked him to stay all night and go home in the morning. "All right," he said, "but I'll have to leave at 4:30 A.M. I must work all day tomorrow."

— VINCENT M. COWAN, M.M.

MARCH, 1955



In Place of the Dragon

BY LEO J. STEINBACH, M.M.

■ THE CITY of Matsuzak with a population of 54,000 is located in the heart of Japan. It is sometimes referred to as the Moscow of Nippon because of its strong communistic element. National conventions of the Communists have been held here frequently.

Matsuzak is an industrial town, about 50 miles southwest of Nagoya; its chief product is cotton textile. In the near future, the population will be doubled and the city limits are to be extended soon because big factories are opening. This will provide a wonderful opportunity for the Church.

The city was founded over 300 years ago by a Catholic daimyo, Leo Gamo Ujisato, who built a walled castle within the city. His warriors settled in a section near the castle, known locally as *tono-machi*. Within this area there is an elevated property, on which was a Shinto shrine where the rain dragon, Uryu, was worshipped from time immemorial.

There is a tradition that the property was an execution grounds during the years when Christianity was prohibited. Because the city archives record at least one family that was executed for refusing to give up Christianity, it is reasonable to suppose that this property has been blessed by the blood of martyrs.

According to the records of the shrine, every chief priest who was ever in charge died of a lung disease. For this reason, the shrine of the god, Uryu, was moved to another location in the year 1908.

A doctor bought the property and built a hospital on it. Fearing to enrage Uryu, he erected a small shrine in the god's honor and continued to offer him sacrifices. Nevertheless, the doctor died of tuberculosis. His son, who was also a doctor, succeeded him; he, too, died of the disease.

The grandson and his mother decided to sell the place. No one else would bid on the site, so the Church had no trouble.

Already a couple of buildings have been renovated, and about forty catechumens are preparing for baptism. A statue of the Blessed Mother will soon be erected on the very pedestal where the rain dragon Uryu held sway for many centuries.

The prospects for the future are very bright in this young mission. Our temporary chapel should be filled to overflowing within a year.

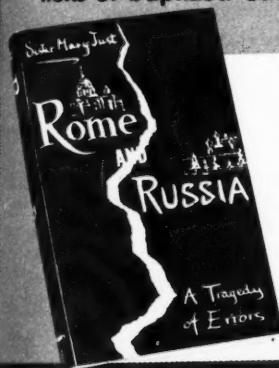
It is our hope to build a real church some day, on this historic spot that is rich in hallowed and precious memories and dedicate it to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

JUST OUT!

IN AND OUT THE ANDES

takes you up and down Central and South America with Sister Maria del Rey, in her own easy-to-read style. Sprightly and humorous, it yet tells a straightforward tale of the need for missionaries in these countries where the Faith must be re-taught to millions of baptized Catholics.

\$3.95



ROME AND RUSSIA

Sister Mary Just's brilliant summary of Russian relations to the West and to Rome, showing the rich Christian heritage that is Russia's, the tragic blunders that led to the schism of the Russian Church, the intrigues that blocked reunion, and the devastating attack begun against Christianity by the Bolshevik Revolution.

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designs on
parchment-like
paper.

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Letters

OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.

"Our Big Family" (Concluded)

I have read it over and over again, and was so touched that I read it to my neighbor. She in turn felt deep gratitude towards you, for she said you expressed her sentiments fully. We wish every American could enjoy the privilege of reading it.

ALYCE BRANAGAN

Framingham, Mass.

By far the best article I've seen in sixty-odd years! It deserves the widest possible distribution. Right here in the "City of Churches," it is badly needed by many of our own people.

DAN F. MURPHY

Brooklyn

Congratulations on the magnificent brochure on racial equality, set forth under the title "Our Big Family." With more such papers, the magazine will take on a scholarly tinge as well as a missionary outlook.

BROTHER DANIEL

Glen Ellyn, Ill.

Three cheers! Such a crisp, clear, and popularly stated article was long overdue. I was thrilled to see it in MARYKNOLL. There are so many ways in which even the best-intentioned people are unaware of their race prejudice. There are hundreds of little sayings: "The children acted like a bunch of wild Indians!" —

"They just have music in *their* bones."

These give away a subconscious feeling of racial superiority. When addressing a broad audience, it is a good idea not to use "we" to represent the white people; rather, use it to represent the human race. After all, why should a writer take it for granted that all his readers will be "white"? All this needs to be shouted from the housetops.

A. DE BETHUNE

Newport, R.I.

Since I am colored, I particularly enjoyed the article "Our Big Family." I wish that more people in this area — both colored and white — could learn the facts, of which I am sure they must be as uninformed as I was.

MRS. HERSCHEL A. BAILEY

Jacksonville, Fla.

Bravo! You certainly deserve a gold medal. Such an enlightening article is a brilliant torch in this age of darkness. Thank you for allowing me to be a member of the Maryknoll family.

JOAN MCCARTHY

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Not only were my eyes opened, but I learned more about the origin of man than I did through all my reading for the past 49 years.

HARRY E. BARNHORST

Sidney, Ohio

MARYKNOLL

I believe if God wanted us all one color he would have made us that way. He made us different for reasons of his own. Each race has something special to offer in its culture. Every man should be proud of his race. If all trees became one tree, all birds one bird, all animals one animal, and all people one people, what a dreary world this would be! God is wiser than all of us. Let's try and make this life a little better each day with a prayer and act of charity.

MARY K. COMISKEY

Babylon, N.Y.

Why not stick to your own line of saving souls, instead of to the work of the NAACP? My ancestors carved this U.S. out of the wilderness. I care a little what becomes of it. California is a dreadful mess now. I intended never again to send you a cent, but maybe some poor young man struggling out in the jungle somewhere could use this dollar. I want no thanks. My feeling is still indignation.

NAME WITHHELD

Oakland, Calif.

Foreign Guest

This summer we had the privilege of entertaining a Fulbright scholar from Japan. On our table was a copy of Maryknoll. He immediately picked it up. Then he told us about his conversion by the Maryknoll Fathers — especially Father Murrett, who keeps a student center in Kyoto. Damian is about 22, intelligent, and the kind of boy any mother would be proud of. We had hoped to have him visit us again, but we are moving away to a new job. Could you put him in touch with a Catholic family in Urbana, Ill., where he is studying labor problems? He enjoyed American family life. He said that it is very different from what he had

expected. We learned much from him. After meeting Damian, we are more than ever interested in Maryknoll. We understand now what our help can do.

MRS. PAUL WEISS

Portage, Wis.

Criticism

MARYKNOLL is the most attractively dressed Catholic publication in America. However, we do see an occasional slip, which is more a sin of omission than commission. The story that tells of Maryknoll training of youths in the art of judo leaves us wondering if money is not being spent to train ruffians rather than the Christian spirit. The Maryknoll motto, "To those who love God all things work together for good," is an excellent one. Couldn't we slip a devotional article in occasionally, based on that motto?

W. H. MCKEE, YN3, USN

Norfolk, Va.

Trial at Home

I have been trying for 30 years to be a Catholic. The more I try, the more my husband resents it. I pray constantly, although my husband forbids me to go to a Catholic church. Now and then I do visit the Sisters, but I cannot go to Mass. Please pray for me.

NAME WITHHELD

Rochester, Minn.

Cuss Box

Enclosed is our check for \$5. This money is the result of what we call a "cuss box" in our office. For every cuss word, a nickel goes in the box for the missions.

DOROTHEY MCGUINNESS, PEGGY

REICHERT, REGINA PRYER,

LAURENCE BYINGTON

Seattle

MARCH, 1955

Want Ads

Keep a Jeep in gas, teen-age boy or lass, to transport a priest for Mass in Japan. Year's supply: six gals., \$2.

A Priest Forever, whose mission work you share by providing, in part or whole, the \$900 needed for his seminary training in Bolivia.

Strike Up the Band for the natural-rhythm boys of Africa, by giving \$25 for musical instruments which will draw them like a magnet to the Church.

Bear in Mind that it's a home for no one less than God Himself, that our mission Brothers can build in the African Bush—when they have the tools which cost \$300.

Poor Organ-Grinder! No organ to grind for refugees in the new Bishop Ford Memorial Chapel, Hong Kong; \$250 will buy one.

Spotlight on Formosa. Six Chinese boys are eligible for the local seminary. Needed: \$16 per boy, per month, to train them for the priesthood.

It's In the Bag: the Government required cement for the floors of a new school in Africa; \$3 a bag, and steenteen bags to a floor.

Down Through the Ages, God willing, our priests will dwell in Musoma, Africa. Their house is in the making, but for its completion and furnishings, \$4,000 are lacking. Down through the ages, successive priestly tenants will be prayerfully mindful of those who now finish the job.

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Play Ball, Will You? Soccer is tops among the boys of Peru. The game keeps the lads in the shadow of the Church—but they can't play without a ball. Soccer balls, \$3 each.

Lovers of Mass. Six sets of cruets, to hold the water and wine used in the Holy Sacrifice, are needed for Peru; \$2 a set.

Five Thousand in Round Numbers—a bit more if you break it down and allow \$15 a month each, for the 30 catechists' yearly salary in Japan.

By Candlelight must liturgical services be enacted. The bill for a year's supply of candles for churches in Riberalta comes to \$100.

A Rosary. We all love to have one for our very own, don't we? So do the Africans, Koreans, Filipinos; \$25 will buy very many of them.

Under the Palms which roof a church in Central America, there is an empty space where an altar should be—and would be, but for \$100.

Inca Indians will be trained to be priests by Maryknoll Missioners in a seminary in Cuzco, Peru. If you wish to have a share you can donate: chapel altar, \$500; an oratory altar, \$300; classroom, \$850.



THIS ROOM HAS BEEN
DONATED BY

ELLEN McLAUGHLIN

IN MEMORY OF

PATRICK McLAUGHLIN

The Picture of a Plaque

on the door of a seminarian's room memorializes a loved one and reminds the student who is preparing to be a Maryknoll priest to pray daily for the repose of the soul commemorated.

You, too, can place a plaque on the door of a room in the Maryknoll Seminary to honor one you love.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

I enclose \$..... toward the \$1,500 needed for a memorial room in the Maryknoll Seminary.

My Name.....

Street.....

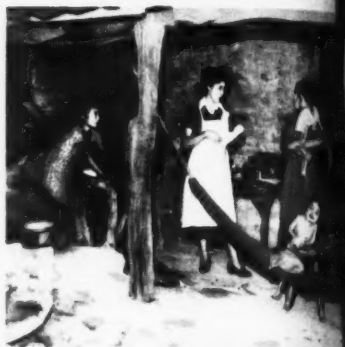
City.....Zone.....State.....

People are Interesting!

Marta Marroquin
Nurse



Marta Marroquin is a rural nurse in Central America. She was trained by WHO to fight disease — today's major problem.



She goes from house to house in her area examining children and treating the ill. Mothers know and love their nurse.



Marta explains to this woman why she vaccinated her child against TB. There is need for many more nurses like Marta.



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her area
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